

Did you ever take yore Saturday bath  
 An' try to wash an' scrub,  
 While squattin' down on yore haunches  
 In a galvanized washing tub?  
 If not, then you ain't missed a thing  
 But I'm tellin' you what's right  
 I done it until I wuz almost grown  
 An' every doggone Saturday night.

In summer time it wuz bad enuff,  
 But in winter it wuz really rough.  
 Spreadin' paper, fillin' buckets and kettles  
 An' all that sorta stuff.  
 But getting ready for that ordeal  
 Wuz only half o' the rub  
 O' takin' a bath on Saturday night  
 In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to th' skin  
 A wood stove bakin' yore hide,  
 A-dreadin' to put yore dern foot in  
 For fear you'd burn alive?  
 Finally you got th' temperature right  
 And into the tub you'd crawl,  
 That cold steel'd touch yore back

An' you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog.

You'd get outta th' tub next to th' stove  
 An' stand there drippin' and shakin'  
 The front o' yore body's a freezin' to death  
 While the back o' yore body's a bakin'.  
 A-shiverin' n' shakin', a burnin' n' bakin'  
 That's the price I had to pay.  
 That awful ordeal will haunt me  
 Until I'm old and grey.

I ain't thru yet - there's somethin' else  
 That I been wantin' to say,  
 I wuz the youngest of all the kids  
 What bathed each Saturday,  
 Now we all bathed accordin' to age  
 An' I fell last in order  
 Which meant I had to wash myself  
 In that same dad-blamed water.

I'm a man o' clean habits,  
 An' believe in a bath a week  
 It helps to keep clean an' healthy,  
 An' it freshens up my physique  
 But if I had my druthers,  
 I'd druther eat a bug  
 Than to take my Saturday bath again  
 In a galvanized washin' tub.

